

The summer bright, the summer fair,  
The summer sweet, serene, disclose,  
In all its realm of riches rare,  
No other blooms that can compare  
With June's delicious roses.

Spring's cloudy days and summer's heats  
Come when life only gropes and pines;  
But life is redolent of sweets  
When poetry the spirit greets,  
And scatters sweet June roses.

Life's June—what shall we call those hours  
In which the soul, serene, reposes?  
Their bloom dispelling gloom that lowers,  
Their perfume stealing from love's bowers—  
Ah! these are life's June roses.

[Cottage Hearth for June.]

### THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The shadows were lying tolerably long on the green hillsides when the lumbering yellow stage, somewhat the worse for wear, drawn by four lean, dusty horses, also somewhat the worse for wear, drew up with a grand flourish in front of the Grand Hotel, Mariposa.

The loungers rushed out of the bar-room as soon as the wheels were heard, and stood grouped about the broad piazza exchanging jokes with the driver, who was known as Scotty, and asking the news from Hornitos and other way places.

Meanwhile the "Doctor," a stout, rudely-complexioned man, whose appearance spoke well for his profession, descended from his seat on the box, and, opening the stage door with an air of pride and satisfaction, he assisted the one lady passenger to alight with a grace which would have done credit to a Chesterfield. The loungers on the piazza started and drew back. All ceased their gibes with Scotty, and two or three removed their hats. She was not only a woman, but a very pretty woman—she was even beautiful.

She thanked the Doctor with a very pretty grace, and turned her clear, hazel eyes upon the admiring group, scanning each face eagerly and wistfully. The Doctor said, "Allow me," and was about to escort her into the small den at one side known as the "Ladies' parlor," but she swept past him and walked straight into the bar-room, the Doctor, the loafers, and Scotty crowding in after her and regarding her movements with an undisguised admiration, and as much reverential curiosity as though she had been a visitant from another sphere.

The proprietor of the "Grand" was a podgy man, with an aggressively bald head and saucy eyes like an alligator's—though for that matter I may be libeling the alligator. His name was Sharpe, commonly corrupted into "Cutey" by some mysterious process.

He was pouring whiskey from a bottle into a glass, preparatory to serving himself, when the new comer walked—she walked like an angel—straight up to him and said, "Is this the landlord?"

Cutey was so astonished by the apparition that he dropped the glass—he called it a glass; it was in reality a stone-china cup about half an inch thick—and wasted the whiskey; it was only by the greatest presence of mind that he succeeded in saving the bottle.

"Ma-a-m?" he stammered, clutching at his bald head to see if there was a hat there.

The woman repeated her question; the crowd by the doorway, headed by this Doctor, strained their ears to listen. After a helpless look around him, Cutey admitted that he was the landlord, with the air of a cornered scoundrel confessing a crime.

"Then perhaps you can tell me what I wish to know," said the woman, fixing her clear, sweet eyes upon him. "I want to find a man named Wilmer—James Courtney Wilmer."

Cutey shook his head sorrowfully. "That he so many names," said he; "secure any man goes by his own name. Be he livin' in Mariposa, ma'am."

"It do not know," was the reply, with a suggestion of tears in the voice, at which every heart in the crowd by the door was touched and unhappy.

Punks nudged Scotty with his elbow. "What's that fellows name that was partners with Circus Jack in the Banderita?" he whispered.

Scotty rapped his forehead with his horny hand, and ran his fingers into his bushy, tow-colored hair, with a clutch of desperation.

"Punks," he whispered, "I allers counted you a fool, but you ain't; you air a bright and shinin' light! His name was Jim Wilmer."

Then, coloring up to the roots of his hair, he advanced and said:

"If you please, ma'am."

The woman turned at this, meeting a whole battery of eyes without any seeming consciousness of it.

"There wuz a feller named Jim Wilmer here—was partners in the Banderita, with a feller named Circus—leastways I don't know his name, but we called him Circus Jack, ma'am."

The woman's face—her beautiful face—turned as white as the collar at her

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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throat; she leaned against the bar and tried to speak, but the words failed on her lips.

Finally, with an effort, she half-whispered:

"Do you know where he is now?"

Then, as the men looked at each other, she cried in a clearer tone, "Is he dead?"

"No, no, ma'am. He was here, taint a month," said Scotty. "I think he's off hunting in the hills. I'll find Circus Jack, and bring him up here. He'll be likely to know—him and Jim was real good friends."

"Thank you," said the stranger, softly, in a voice which smote Scotty's heart exceedingly.

The doctor, meanwhile, had gone for Mrs. Sharpe, who presently entered and invited the stranger to "hev a little tea."

She was a small, fair woman, with a washed-out look, and a mouth not innocent of dipping, but she looked and spoke pleasantly, and the stranger was glad enough to answer "Yes," and follow her into the dining room. The crowd fell back as she approached, but only to give her room enough to pass. She stealthily touched her dress as she swept by them, and when she had disappeared, and the door had closed, forty toogues were loosed at once, and a scene of excitement ensued only equalled by the one which followed the shooting of "the Judge" by "Little Jack," over a game of poker, in that very bar-room of the Grand Hotel.

"Mought I ax your name, ma'am, inquired Mrs. Sharpe.

"Marian Kingsley," was the faint reply.

"Miss or Mrs., ma'am?" pursued Mrs. Sharpe, glancing at the shapely, white, ringless hands.

The stranger gave a slight, impatient twitch. "It doesn't matter," she said. "Call me Marian. That will do as well as anything."

Mrs. Sharpe was a washed out woman. Many of the natural and laudable instincts remained, perhaps being fast colors; but a horror of the class to which she now supposed Marian to belong was one which had faded out of her nature. She gave a slightly supercilious look, which fell upon the woman like moonlight on ice, and pursued her inquiries:

"Come from 'Frisco'?"

"I came from there. I didn't see anything of the place."

"Whar did yer come from?"

"Philadelphia."

The tone was changed. She evidently felt the impalpable rudeness of the faded woman, and knew how to resent it in the same way. More conversation ensued, in the course of which Mrs. Sharpe discovered that Marian had a little money—enough to pay her board for a few months—and that she had come there to find "James Courtney Wilmer."

Mrs. Sharpe had information to give as well as to take, for she knew something of Jim.

"He called him Jim," she said, a little scornfully. "He didn't git no 'courting' from me."

Poor Marian gave a faint smile.

"There might be other James Wilmers," she said. "I wanted to be sure."

Mrs. Sharpe didn't think this could be the one.

"He's a rough, ragged creeper," she said, "and 's'had the snakes fur weeks at a time."

Marian shrank and cowered at this, with a pitiful look of pain on her beautiful face.

"He'd money left him?" asked Mrs. Sharpe.

Marian nodded.

"Won't do him no good. Soon as he hears of it, he'll drink himself into snakes. Allers did when they struck a good lead on the Banderit. Circus Jack, he loses all his'n at poker; so there they go."

In the course of an hour Circus Jack, scrubbed and "fixed up" to a degree which made him almost unrecognizable by his comrades, appeared, escorted by Scotty, also prepared by a choice toilet, to enter the presence of "the ladies."

"Sense my not comin' afore," said Scotty. "He sees must be tended to, and them of mine was about dead beat."

Marian smiled graciously, if absently, and turned her clear, hazel eyes to Circus Jack, who, with many excuses, circumlocutions, and profane epithets, most of which he apologized for instantly, and

some of which he was evidently unconscious of, gave her all the information in his power in regard to the man she had come to find.

No one in Mariposa knew him better. As "Jim" he was almost an integral part of the city of "Butterflies."

There was something of a mystery hung about him, which the "boys" had never been able to fathom. Some said that he belonged to a wealthy and aristocratic family, and had left home and become a wanderer and an outcast, because some beautiful woman had jilted him; others said that he had had a wife and children, that he had broken his wedded faith and his wife's faith at the same time, and that a grim phantom followed him wherever he went, and gave him no peace. Others told yet another story: that he had been engaged to a beautiful girl, and had trusted her and loved her above all telling; that his wedding day was near, when he had stumbled upon some miserable secret, which was dead and buried, but could not rest in the grave; that there was no room left for doubt, which is sometimes blessed, and he fled without a word; disappeared, and left to her own wretched heart the task of telling her the reason why.

Circus Jack did not tell Marian these stories, though he had heard them all; indeed, they had all been retold and discussed in the bar room not half an hour since. An average woman would have repeated them to her, and thus tempted her to reveal the truth; but a chivalrous heart beat under Jack's flannel shirt, and he could no more bear to hurt her than he could have crushed a little bird to death with his hand.

If any of the stories were true, and she yet loved poor Jim, he told her enough to wring her heart and haunt her dreams forever.

The winter that he spent in the hollow of a great pine tree, on the rim of the Yosemite valley, was perhaps his happiest and most peaceful. Every Yosemite, though he had heard them all; indeed, they had all been retold and discussed in the bar room not half an hour since. An average woman would have repeated them to her, and thus tempted her to reveal the truth; but a chivalrous heart beat under Jack's flannel shirt, and he could no more bear to hurt her than he could have crushed a little bird to death with his hand.

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length Scotty remarked that the "old man," meaning Cutey, was "reither late in lightin' up," at which Jack arose and bade the stranger "good night."

Marian put out her hand, saying, "We will be good friends I hope."

Circus Jack took it by the finger tips cautiously, careful not to hurt it with his horny fingers.

"I'll do any thing in the world fur yer, ma'am," he replied earnestly and ingeniously.

"There was one thing I wished to ask," she said, "though it may be a foolish question. Did you ever notice any ring—that he wore or—carried?"

"They wuz a ring, but I'm beat ef I kin tell what kind. Once when Jim was terrible sick, an' his hand swelled up, I wanted to file it off, but he fought so, I couldn't. He said when he got well that it never had been off, nor never should be while he had life to fight."

"Can't you tell me what it was like?" she asked.

"I ain't no hand," said Circus Jack, rubbing his head. "I'd know it if I see it, but—"

"Was it like this?" she drew a dainty purse from her pocket, and took from its safest corner a plain, flat band of gold, with a small disk on it, shaped like the half of a heart placed horizontally.

"Preczactly!" exclaimed Circus Jack with emphasis.

She opened her purse to put it back, but it fell from her hand, scattering her little stook of money over the floor, and a moment after, when Mrs. Sharpe came in, in response to frantic halloos from Scotty, she found Marian in a dead faint upon the floor, with Scotty and Circus Jack, with hands clasped behind them, kneeling on either side of her like uncouth angels, while scattered coins and escaping masses of golden-brown hair formed a halo about her head.

She was ashamed of and provoked at her weakness afterward; said she was fatigued with her long and wearisome ride, and that she never fainted before; but if she had been an accomplished diplomatist, she could have planned nothing better for her popularity.

As for the faded-out woman, her opinion, which had been tottering under a severe reproof from Cutey, now underwent a complete revolution.

"Them kind never faints!" she said to herself dogmatically, as she assisted Marian to her room and begged her to take things "easy like." She patiently answered one hundred and seven inquiries that evening, varying from, "How's the sick lady?" to, "Jim Wilmer's gal perking up a little arter her faint?" and for the rest of Marian's stay in Mariposa she proved that kindness of heart had been one of the "fast colors."

It was but natural that Cutey should feel a friendly interest since he dealt out at least two hundred extra drinks at highly remunerative prices on her account that evening; and, moreover, the doctor tipped him handsomely for extra care and attention. In a week after her arrival, Marian had learned all that anybody in Mariposa knew regarding "Jim." She wore that curious ring upon her finger now. There were two letters upon the disk, but no one ever had the hardihood to ask what they were.

Punks, whose eyes were keen, and whose curiosity was keener, declared that they were "i l," with a "little quirl like" between.

Punks also knew—a fact which did credit to his powers and habits of observation—that on the disk of the ring which Jim wore on his little finger were the letters "Fa."

Punks desired to know what "Fa'il" spelled but "fa'il." He further inquired "what they wanted to hev such a dogged mis'oble word as thet on a ring fur?"

"'Torter be 'love' or suthin'," he added critically.

It was only after much questioning in divers places, and the exercise of a deal of patience and some finesse, that Marian learned the present whereabouts of the half-crazed hermit "all unblesed."

When last seen, something less than a week before her arrival, he had been wandering through the neighboring mountains, half clothed in wretched rags, living on berries and roots, alternately muttering and shrieking the vagaries of his unhinged mind.

They were loth to tell her, even those

who knew it. Their rude externals seemed to have made their hearts softer. It hurt them to see the pink color fade from her cheek, and the shadow of sharp pain creep over her beautiful face, so she had to learn the lesson of smiling when her heart ached worst. The two Mexicans, cattle herders, who had seen him, were eagerly questioned; but they could tell nothing that she did not know, save that they were quite sure that it was Jim, and not some other unfortunate, whom they had seen.

They gave a stupid assent when asked by Marian to secure him, and bring him into town the next time they saw him; and a "Si, Senor," considerably less stupid in a subsequent private interview with Jack, who promised them "heap money," for their labor.

Marian had the books which Jim had left in the cabin; commonplace Greek and Latin books, which might have belonged to anybody, save that on one fly leaf was written in a scrawling hand, "J. C. Wilmer," and this yellow page, and this faded ink, she covered with her kisses and baptized with her tears. And another weary week crept by.

The Doctor noticed with disapprobation strongly expressed how pale and worn looking the pretty woman grew. Not professionally, indeed; his title was merely honorary, bestowed in recognition of his services in prescribing the "Golden Antibilious Pills" for Bob Jinks, which, or nature in spite of them, had effected a cure, and restored to benefit Mariposa society, an efficient and valued member.

The Doctor's interest afforded considerable amusement to the habitues of the "Grand" bar-room, and they fairly roared with sympathy when he profanely expressed his sorrow to see her wasting her beauty in tears over "another feller."

One Saturday night, two weeks and a day since Marian's arrival, the whole population of the town was at the Grand, either drinking, gambling, or purchasing provisions of Cutey's deputy, who presided with a staid and dignified air, and activity and grace, and all, whatever their occupation, were swearing vigorously and unceasingly.

Marian sat up stairs in her tiny room burning with feverish anxiety. Her long years of home waiting, the comfortless journey, even the first week of uncertainty, had been easier to bear than this anxious waiting. The Mexicans had not hesitated to say that he must be dead by this time; but that she did not believe; he might be starving, crazed, nearly dead, but surely she might see him once more and hear him say that he forgave her; perhaps even nurse him back to reason and health and home again.

The bawling and laughter down stairs made her shudder. "If I was only a man!" she whispered fiercely, clenching her little hands. "Can I do nothing but sit here and wait? Oh, God, be merciful!" she cried.

Then suddenly a thought flashed into her mind. She did not stop to think of it; she acted upon it.

The Doctor's partner, profoundly studying his cards, was somewhat disconcerted to see the table kicked over, and the Doctor's "hand" on the floor. Without a question, he put his hand back for his pistol, when the sudden stillness in the room caught his attention, and all that followed caused him to forget the affront.

In the center of the room, her disordered hair flying about her face, her clear eyes flashing with excitement, her cheeks flaming with color, more beautiful than they had ever seen her look before, Marian stood waiting for silence. Men crowded up to the doorway and filled the windows certain from the sudden quiet that "something was up."

"Won't you help me?" she cried out. "What can I do to find him? He may be starving to death! He would not have left you to starve! You!" she gasped and drew her breath hard—"you—whom he was good to—you remember a hundred things, but you forget him! and let him rave his life away—and starve to death—alone." She choked. She could not speak another word! but stood with her lips parted, her eyes flashing, looking eagerly, almost angrily, from one face to another.

Circus Jack bounded on to a table; it was rickety, and reeled with his weight; but Punks and Bob Jinks steadied it; they were friends of Jack's; besides,

they had just won from him at poker, and felt very friendly. "Fellers," said Jack, "to-morrow's Sunday. I'm going out ter hunt fer poor Jim, and ain't coming back till I find him. Them as wants ter compny me kin call at my cabin to-night."

"I'll go with you, Jack," said the Doctor impressively.

"Me, too, you bet!" cried Scotty.

"Count me in," growled a bass voice from the window.

"Me too," squeaked Punks. "All as'll go say 'ay!'"

And an "Ay!" came from those rough voices with such a ringing burst of good will as must have startled the very birds asleep in the distant trees.

Nay! some faint echo of it may have been heard at the very gates of heaven itself. The tears rolled down Marian's cheeks. She tried to say "God bless you!" but the tears had the right of way, and the words broke into something unintelligible.

A sudden shame came of them that they had not thought of this before. Memories of homes, of mothers, of wives, came knocking at their hearts, and would not be denied. The sleeves of rough and not over clean flannel shirts were drawn across eyes that had scorned tears, through sickness, discomfort, and disappointment.

Cutey came to the rescue.

"Gentlemen," he said, waving his hand over the bar, "help yourselves. My joints are stiff, and I can't go; but I'll treat the crowd. Free drinks, gentlemen!"

And leaving his bar to the tender mercies of his thirty friends, Cutey offered his arm to Marian, and escorted her to her own door, where he took leave of her with a low bow.

Then he went down stairs four steps at a time, lest his choice liquor should be annihilated in his absence.

It was Monday noon when they returned. Marian sat at the window in the easiest chair the house afforded, coming into town with a restless, helpless anxiety. She watched them scatter to their cabins, and saw Circus Jack coming on toward the hotel alone.

She buried her face in her hands. He had said that he would never come back until he found him. Had they become discouraged, or—

She could not believe that they had found him. Her heart seemed to cry out, "No! no!" Jack came up, with little Mrs. Sharpe at his heels.

"Be keerful!" said the faded woman. "She's mighty poorly."

Jack came in as lightly as his heavy boots would allow.

"The boys said fur me ter tell yer the y was all dretful sorry fur yer. We buried him jist war we found him. He'd a ben dead nigh on to a couple of weeks, I reckon. Don't yer look so, lady. Poor Jim! he warn't never happy, even when he was drunk. He's better off up thar. We flung a few stones together to mark the place, and I'll guide you and Mrs. Sharpe thar any time."

Then, lowering his voice to a whisper, he added tenderly, "And I tuk the ring offen his finger. He couldn't fight fur it now; and I thought as mebbey you'd like it."

He took it from the corner of his handkerchief; she held up her finger for it, and he slipped it on. Then he saw that the letters spelled "Faith." "Thet Punks!" he thought to himself contemptuously.

She looked up in his face with a stony smile.

"Thank you," she said.

Four weeks afterward the doctor lifted Marian into the stage. She was strong enough for her journey now, she said. Two days before she had visited the lonely cairn. She seemed to be getting well very fast. The doctor told her so.

"People never die when they wish to," she answered sadly.

Circus Jack came to the stage door to bid her "Good-by."

"What can I do for you to thank you?" she asked earnestly.

Jack hesitated.

"Ef you wouldn't mind, ma'am," he said, "I'd like to—kiss your hand. I've got a dear old mother home—ef you you wouldn't mind!"

Without a blush or a change of countenance she put her arm around his neck

and kissed his lips.

"Good-by, dear old fellow," she said. Then Scotty cracked his whip, the crowd on the piazza raised their hats—even the poor, chagrined doctor—a subdued cheer was given, and the lumbering stage disappeared in a cloud of dust, the nodding Mariposas on the hillside looked curiously at it as it went by.—Galaxy.

### A Modern Dictionary.

**Public Abuse**—The mud with which every traveler is bespattered on the road to distinction.

**Distant Relations**—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

**Belle**—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

**Heart**—A very rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

**Housewifery**—An ancient art, said to have been once fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use or practiced only by the "lower orders."

**Wealth**—The most respectable quality of the man.

**Virtue**—An awkward habit of acting different from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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receipt of five cents.

### Notice.

Prof. Job Turner will conduct services  
in the following places: Concord, N. H.,  
June 10; Boston, June 17; Marble-  
head, June 18; Cambridgeport, June  
19; Worcester, June 20; Hartford,  
June 21; New Haven, June 22, if pos-  
sible; St. Ann's Church, New York,  
June 24; Fall River, July 1; Providence,  
July 8; Martha's Vineyard, July  
15; and Boston, July 22.

### Philadelphia Notices.

According to custom, during the hot  
months services for deaf-mutes will (D.  
V.) be held in St. Stephen's Church,  
10th St., above Chestnut, Philadelphia,  
only on the first and third Sundays of  
each month, viz.: June 17, July 1 and  
15, August 5 and 19.

Evening Prayer at 3:30 p. m., with  
Holy Baptism when there are any per-  
sons to receive that sacrament. Holy  
Communion at 9 a. m., on June 17, July  
15, August 19.

The Bible Class and the meetings of  
the Ephphatha Guild and the Cleric Lit-  
erary Association are suspended until  
September.

Due notice will be given of any spe-  
cial services or meetings.

### Michigan Institute Change.

The Detroit Free Press has been  
preaching to the Michigan Legislature  
concerning an official of the Michigan  
Institute as the Acting Commissioner.  
It claims that the office is a positive detri-  
ment to the school; that the school is  
worse off because of the clashing  
of the two offices; that a competent  
man cannot be found to assume the prin-  
cipalship on account of the inevitable  
interference of the acting Commissioner;  
that the office was created twenty years  
ago as a temporary measure only, but  
has continued and heaped evil on evil  
ever since; that there is absolutely noth-  
ing for the Acting Commissioner to do  
but draw his salary (\$800); that he is  
acted by occasional spasms of belief  
that he must appear to be earning his  
salary, and arrogates himself, partly per-  
forming duties which belong to the prin-  
cipal; that he is an intermeddler-in-  
chief; that whereas, when the office was  
created, the expenses of steward and  
book-keeper were saved by the then in-  
cumbent, which expenses are now paid  
and come to \$2,000 a year; that the sys-  
tem of ventilation remedied at an ex-  
pense of \$2,000, is so bad that a mere  
legislative visit condemned it; that the  
teaching of articulation was discontinued  
for a year to gratify an official whim;  
that the incumbents private business is  
of such a nature as to support the use  
of his official position to benefit it.

The Press further says that even with  
the abolishment of the office, the institu-  
tion will still be practically under the  
control of the man, the local trustee,  
from whom no bonds seem to be re-  
quired, but who, as Treasurer, can draw  
at will for the funds of the institution.  
He has power to control for a short time,  
and occasionally for a long time, large  
sums of money, a power peculiarly lia-  
ble to abuse.

Late advice says that the Legislature  
has abolished the office; but of the  
charges above, we have only the author-  
ity of a newspaper, and take it with some  
allowance.

### Two Brave Laborers Save the Lives of Two Deaf and Dumb Ladies.

Thursday afternoon two ladies started  
from the Grand Trunk depot at Port-  
land to walk to the Boston boat, and in-  
stead of keeping on the sidewalk, they  
took the railroad track and walked lei-  
suredly along, unconscious of a locomotive  
which was coming up behind them. The  
engineer rang the bell with the utmost  
violence, and then both he and the fire-  
man roared for the ladies to leave the  
track with all their power. But the la-  
dies paid not the slightest heed to this up-  
roarious clamor, and had it not been for  
two brave and strong laborers who rushed  
in front of the train and picked the la-  
dies up boldly in their arms and carried  
them off the track, they would inevi-  
tably have been killed. The reason why  
the ladies manifested so little concern at  
the noise and shouting, was explained  
when it was discovered that both of  
them were deaf and dumb, and had been  
so from childhood.—*Maine Farmer*, June  
2, 1877.

### A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common  
Prayer.

Sunday, June 17th.

The Psalter for the 17th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis XXXVII.

2d Lesson—Acts XI.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLII.

2d Lesson—2 Timothy III, and IV, to  
verse 9th.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
third Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, June 24th.

The Psalter for the 24th day of the  
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLIII.

2d Lesson—Acts XIV.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLV.

2d Lesson—Titus II, and IV, to v. 10.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the  
fourth Sunday after Trinity.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items  
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-  
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the  
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friend-  
and readers will keep us supplied with items for  
this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

THERE was a holiday Decoration day, at the  
Michigan Institution.

PROF. WING, of the Minnesota Institute, is go-  
ing to build a house this summer.

PROF. WALKER, of the Illinois Institution,  
proposes coming east soon, to visit Institutions  
here.

Two eighty-foot settees have made their ap-  
pearance in the pupil's halls of the Ohio Insti-  
tution.

The Base Ball Club of the Illinois Institution  
scooped the Illinois College boys by 23 to 7 re-  
cently.

MR. CHAS. S. NEWELL, of New York, will  
pass a few weeks of the summer at the U. S.  
Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I.

PROF. CARROLL, and WING of the Minnesota  
Institution went fishing and came back with  
142 fish, averaging 1 1/2 lbs. each.

We congratulate Mr. C. W. Van Tassel, of  
the New York Institution, on the happy advent  
of a little daughter.

MR. E. W. McCARTY and Miss B. MURPHY,  
both formerly pupils of the Illinois Institution,  
were married in Chicago on the 31st of May  
last.

THE Entertainment by the deaf-mutes of Min-  
nesota, took in \$64.60, which would have been  
doubled had it not rained as it had not before in  
five years.

MISS DELIA CANNON has been sewing fashion-  
able shirts four years in a store opposite the  
Southern Hotel, St. Louis.—*Advance*.  
She must have them nearly completed by this  
time.—*Mirror*.

Fashions are evidently long-lived in St. Louis.

The Central New York Institution will make  
the best of its situation consequent upon the  
Governor's veto of its appropriation for new  
buildings. Arrangements have been made by  
which the pupils, while being as well cared for  
as heretofore, will have their number precepti-  
bly augmented.

On the 24th inst., BENYON ROBINSON, a deaf-  
mute living in Hudson, Mass., was struck by an  
engine, while walking on the Nashua & Roch-  
ester railroad, and instantly killed. His untimely  
death is but a repeated warning to all deaf-mutes  
who persist in promiscuous use of the rail track.

It may be as well to put the remarkable fact  
before the public, that the Michigan Institution  
is now on a per capita of \$177, which is by long  
odds the smallest among the first-class Institu-  
tions. And yet the Wolverine treasury dogs,  
leave precious little meat on the bones they dote  
out in the way of appropriations.

The *Mirror* hints that on account its "spar-  
ing" with the *Deaf-Mute and Educator*, it has  
received communications unfavorable to the in-  
stitutions and officers where the papers are pub-  
lished. But with commendable alacrity it ad-  
vises correspondents with such articles in mind,  
to save their postage and stationery, for it will  
have nothing to do with their nonsense.

ECONOMY in our State affairs has descended to  
queer depths. The printing appropriations only  
meet the expenses preparing the reports of the  
various institutions perfect. *minus* the covers.  
If these luxuries are required, the several insti-  
tutions must pay extra. So the four deaf-mute  
institutions in the State have had to supply the  
covers at the rate of \$10 per thousand reports.

THE *Mute Educator* has a rather tough story  
of a deaf-mute expert in articulation, who wit-  
nessing a homicide, appeared in court and gave  
testimony as to the occurrence, going through  
everything *aroli*, and was obliged to own his  
deafness, a fact totally unsuspected. Only in re-  
ply to the question, "Did you hear the shot?"  
"No! because I am deaf."

On Saturday afternoon, June 24, during a  
hard shower amidst thunder and lightning,  
the large barn of GRANTVILLE FRANK, a deaf-  
mute in West Gray, Me., was struck by light-  
ning, set on fire, and with its contents totally  
consumed. In the barn was quite a quantity of  
hay, besides farming tools, four cows, two horses,  
several pigs, &c., all of which were burned.  
The loss must be from \$1,300 to \$1,500 on which  
there was no insurance.

DR. O. W. HOLMES' poem at the memorial ex-  
ercises commemoative of the late Dr. Howe,  
the instructor of the celebrated blind, deaf and  
dumb girl, Laura Bridgman, contains the follow-  
ing graceful tributory verse:

"Where'er he moved, his shadowy form,  
The slightest orb would seek,  
And smiles of welcome-light and warm,  
The lips that could not speak."

### DIED:

RIDER.—In this village June 12th, 1877,  
Henry Smith Rider, youngest son of Henry C.  
and Helen A. Rider, aged six weeks.

—L. H. Conklin was a delegate to  
the Masonic Grand Lodge of this State  
which met at New York City, last week.

### The Kingdom of God within the Heart of Man.

A SERMON, Preached at St. Ann's Church  
for Deaf-mutes, New York, on the Sun-  
day after Ascension Day, May 13th,  
1877, by the Rev. HENRY WINTER SYLVE,  
Minister in charge of St. Stephen's Deaf-  
Mute Mission, Philadelphia.

When He was demanded of the Pharisees,  
when the kingdom of God should come, He an-  
swered them and said, "The kingdom of God  
cometh not with observation; neither shall they  
say, 'Lo, here' or 'Lo, there'; for, behold the  
kingdom of God is within you."—*St. Luke*, xvii,  
20, 21.

To day the Church bids us commemorate  
her first Lord's Day with the Lord  
no longer on earth—the one Lord's Day  
in the period between the Ascension of the  
risen Saviour, and the outpouring of the  
promised Spirit. It was a solemn  
pause, a time of patient waiting for  
Christ. His personal presence, the di-  
rect guidance to which the disciples had  
been accustomed, must have been sadly  
missed; their understanding that He  
whom they had known as the Son of  
Man and confessed as the Son of God,  
was Himself not only Very Man but  
Very God,—this knowledge of Him was  
yet fresh and new. They were but just  
learning to realize the abiding presence  
in their hearts of Him, whom they had  
seen taken up into heaven while they  
stood and gazed steadfastly up with sor-  
rowful eyes. They could barely yet be-  
lieve that on each recurring anniversary,

One common joy this day shall fill  
The hearts of angels and of men;  
To them, that He is risen again;  
To us, that He is with us still.

Yet, discomfited and bereft of their  
leader as the little band of the faithful  
might feel, the expectation of these ten  
days was far different from the hopeles-  
ness of that other time, not long past,  
when the Shepherd had been smitten and  
the sheep were scattered. Think  
what must have been the first night after  
the Passion, with its utter wretch-  
edness of exalted hopes crushed to the  
dust, when the only thought the  
mind could hold was

"Jesus, my Lord, is crucified!"

Think of the following day, when the  
great feast of Israel's deliverance from  
Egypt was celebrated with all the gorge-  
ousness of the Hebrew ritual, by priests  
exultant that he was no more who had  
troubled them, he was silenced who had  
so lately rebuked their gross profanation  
of the Temple, their grosser perversion  
of the Law. Little did they know that  
their burnt-offerings and sin-offerings  
were for the first time of no meaning—  
the Paschal Lamb had been slain once  
for all. Amid the splendor and rejoic-  
ing of the Passover, look at that stricken  
band holding close at home with bowed  
heads, or creeping forth with a terror in  
their hearts lest one see them and say  
"Ye too were with Him." And as the  
fear wore off and love regained the mas-  
tery, think with what longing the dawn  
was awaited when they might complete  
the preparation for the grave, from which  
they had no dream that even He who  
had raised Lazarus could Himself arise.

That pause, when earth seemed de-  
void of all life, when the living were  
past and no man knew what heavier  
woes might remain to be unsealed—that  
terrible pause was short, thank God, as  
when "there was silence in heaven about  
the space of half an hour." God who  
made man, knew that man could not  
long endure such utter agony of despair.

Far other was the calm, confident ex-  
pectancy of the time we are now consid-  
ering. In the great forty days between  
the Resurrection and the Ascension,  
Christ had opened the understanding of  
those whom the Father had given and  
He had kept,—He had expounded to  
them the things pertaining to the king-  
dom of God, and they were no longer  
faithless but believing; no longer blind,  
they had eyes to see, and soon should  
have tongues to proclaim. Now they  
were submissively waiting to be endued  
with power from on high, before going forth  
to preach His name among all nations.  
The eleven abode together in an upper  
room; the company of the faithful con-  
tinued in prayer and supplication with  
one accord.

It may well have been on this very  
Lord's Day we now commemorate, that  
they assembled, about a hundred and  
twenty all told, to appoint one to fill up  
the number of the apostles. It is worth  
noting, as showing a truer conception of  
the nature of the promised kingdom,  
that Matthias was chosen, not, to occupy  
the vacant seat among the thrones on  
which they were to sit judging the twelve  
tribes of Israel, but, as one who had been  
and who should be a witness of the  
Lord's life and teaching and resurrection.

This upper room where they resorted,  
where, it may be, the lot was given, and  
the Spirit descended in a rushing, mighty  
wind and living flame—may we venture  
to conjecture that it was the same upper  
room wherein the Last Supper was  
spread? What other place so dear, so  
full of hallowed memories?

Here, in the intervals of fervent pray-  
ing and devout preparation, how their  
minds must have loved to dwell on the  
precious recollections of the past years,  
recalling now some voice of love or  
warning addressed to one, or some mani-  
festation of glory before the chosen three,  
and now recurring to the parables spoken  
before all men, the utterances then not  
understood even by themselves, but now  
made clear. Among these subjects of  
meditation and converse, may very well  
have been the words that form our text.

They were spoken during the last jour-  
ney to Jerusalem, when Jesus came forth  
from the secluded city near the wilderness,  
to which He had retired from the pre-  
mature rage of those who were taking  
counsel together for to put Him to death.  
His time was now come; and every  
word and look declared, "I have a bap-  
tism to be baptized with, and how am I  
straitened till it be accomplished!" As  
He went through the cities and villages,  
the towns and the fields, He spoke ever

of the kingdom of God, and proclaimed  
its coming.

Certain Pharisees demanded when  
these things should be? They wanted  
a date set for the fulfillment of the  
prophecies, they desired a sign, some  
evidence which, on comparison with the  
event or with some preconceived crit-  
erion in their own narrow minds, would  
warrant them in receiving Him as the  
Messiah, or, more likely, that would jus-  
tify them in rejecting Him as but one  
more of the impostors constantly spring-  
ing up amid the national impatience.

Nay, He answered, "the kingdom of  
God came not with observation." Their  
narrow-minded, prejudiced scrutiny, mag-  
nifying every jot and tittle of the Law,  
while utterly blind to its spirit, would  
not serve to detect the coming of the  
Law-giver. It had been tried and had  
failed; for, behold, the kingdom of God  
was already there, it was within them!

If we stumble at such an assurance of  
indwelling blessedness being given to  
men who in their pride were rejecting  
Him, let us remember that though Jesus  
was replying to them, the question and  
the answer were doubtless uttered in the  
presence of a multitude, and that He  
was wont to turn from the immediate  
questioner to those standing around, and  
to expand His answer to a purposely-  
narrowed question, into the just propor-  
tions of the truth.

They who inquire after the re-es-  
tablishment of the Divine rule from which  
they and their fathers had gradually  
turned away, were told that it was not  
far to seek, it was already there; lo!  
He, the King, was among them. Nor  
only among them. The word may be  
used in this sense, but its proper mean-  
ing lay closer to the conscience of each  
hearer. To all who would respond to  
the summons to renew their alliance, to  
all who would embrace His rule, he de-  
clared that it was already established  
within them. Let them but raise a hand  
to unbar the portals of their hearts to  
the royal guest who knocked, and behold  
He had entered and sat enthroned.

Such was the gracious proclamation to  
the multitude from no herald's trumpet,  
but from the lips of the King of Glory  
Himself. What wonder if many among  
them received it not, when even the  
companions of His wanderings, the wit-  
nesses of His miracles and His transfig-  
uration, understood none of these things!

Yet such was His infinite tenderness  
and patience, that to His disciples He  
gave fully and freely the words which  
the Father had given Him, keeping back  
only what was not given unto even the  
Son to know, namely, the times and  
seasons hid in the dark treasures of  
God's inscrutable decrees.

Unto them He disclosed the signs of  
the times when the Son of Man should  
be revealed. He warned them of the  
days to come, when, however stronger  
might be their faith and clearer their  
insight, they would look back with  
deep yearning for these days of  
His bodily presence. Deprived of the  
direct visible guidance on which they  
had learned, and with human infirmities  
rising up to put obstacles in the way of  
gracious access of the Holy Spirit, let  
them beware of seeking to save their  
lives by clinging to that which was for-  
ever to be left behind. He warned them  
of the day when He was not. The  
revelation of His power would be sud-  
den and terrible as the lightning flash  
that blinds the eager watcher of the  
prophetic stars.

"When, Lord?" First must the Son  
of Man suffer many things and be re-  
jected by this generation. The priests of  
Jehovah must renounce their long ex-  
pected Messiah, and boast of having no  
king but Caesar. Then should the bolt  
fall on the disloyal city, no longer the  
capital of the theocracy. Then, and many  
a time afterwards, the justice and might  
of God should be manifested unto a  
world sunk in selfishness and sensuality,  
blinded by pride, deadened by indiffer-  
ence to all that was high and holy, scoff-  
ing at the beseeching voice of its Maker,  
whether the warning was reiterated for a  
century as in the days of righteous  
Noah, or was the sudden cry of a single  
night as when it sounded from the lips  
of Lot.

"And where?" asked the awe-struck  
and trembling group. Terse and terrible  
was the answer. "Wherever the body  
is, thither will the eagles be gathered  
together." Wherever human corruption  
cries up to heaven, there hover the ap-  
pointed ministers of God's wrath. The  
man, the dynasty, the nation, the race  
that is in God's sight dead and corrupt,  
umbering the ground, noxious to the  
world—even this abomination will He  
remove, and purify the earth utterly.

Fulfillments of these solemn predictions  
are thick on every page of history. Ev-  
ery one of us can recall instances where  
God has rooted out with a strong hand,  
what was private, a public, or a national  
curse. As we are gathered here to-day,  
through the war cloud hanging dark on  
the Eastern horizon and threatening to  
expand till it shall cover half the world,  
there gleams the red lightning of His  
retribution. It may be that in His  
wisdom the day is at hand when the  
sacred plains trod by those blessed feet,  
the very spot where the prediction was  
uttered, shall pass from the oppressive  
dominion of them who know Him but  
as the Jewish prophet rejected of His  
own people and with a following among  
the Gentiles—Jesus the son of Mary;  
and shall come under the protection of  
a nation that acknowledges Him as the  
Christ, the Son of the living God.

In such ways are the might and maj-  
esty of Jehovah shown forth, and shall  
be shown until the kingdoms of the  
world are become the kingdom of our  
Lord and His Anointed. He works with  
the thunder and the mighty wind and the  
fire. But He is not in them; He is  
most surely known in the still small  
voice that whispers in the breast.

Happy are they to whom the voice of  
love and warning comes first and is  
heeded in time. Happy are they who  
listen to the tender entreaty, "Turn ye,  
turn ye, why will ye die?" and who with  
ears of gratitude and penitence, seek

from heaven strength to flee from the  
unseen danger, or to struggle against the  
sin that has crept into the heart, dis-  
guised from their own consciousness un-  
til the heavenly messenger pointed it out  
and called it by its true name. The cry  
for help will not remain unanswered by  
Him to whose own call it is the echo.

The very utterance of that gracious  
voice assures us that He sees that within  
us, which will respond; some conscious-  
ness that man is linked by birth to heav-  
en and has these his heritage. This  
feeling is rooted deep in human nature.  
No age so distant in the dim past, no  
race so low in the scale of civilization,  
but we shall find it there. And it has  
divine approval. The Psalmist said,  
"Ye are gods; and all of you are chil-  
dren of the Most High." Jesus quoted  
this very passage and declared of it, "the  
Scriptures cannot be broken."

Those in old times who knew not the  
great Name of the Covenant with Abra-  
ham yet recognized that the human was  
not alien from the divine, but was the  
purer and nobler in proportion as it could  
trace its descent more directly and nearly  
from the skies. The heroes of mythology  
—whether the legend be classical or  
Hindoo or Scandinavian,—the great con-  
querors of history, all alike, claimed par-  
torage among the gods, and thence de-  
rived their right to lord it over the baser-  
born.

Christian kings and princes durst set  
up no such exclusive pretensions; but  
he same arrogance brought forth in  
them the claims of divine right, of blue  
blood. In our days men scout the claim  
and refuse it the reverence long accorded;  
but only to assert in another form, for  
themselves as men. Modern democracy  
is the apotheosis of the human. The  
would-be leaders of the populace emu-  
lously profess to be anointed with the  
enthusiasm of humanity.

The stream must have a source, and  
that source must be above. All that  
is noble, all that is honorable, all that  
is lovely in man, comes from the Most  
High, and flourishes in proportion as he  
yields himself a temple for the Divine  
influence, and has the kingdom of God  
within him.

How may we know this kingdom  
within us? Let the apostle tell. He says  
it is "righteousness, and peace, and joy  
in the Holy Ghost." All these are high  
attributes of God Himself, and as they  
attain perfection we draw nearer and  
nearer to Him.

It is assuming our right relation to our  
Father, no longer outcast wanderers sink-  
ing under His wrath, we are welcomed  
as children, our sins turned towards  
Zion and our paths lighted by His  
smiles. Now there is deliverance from  
sin, from the evil that works in our na-  
ture, making us do what we would not,  
and holding us from the good that we  
would. The attractions of the thousand  
crafts and snares around, now fill us with  
aversion. Dead to sin, we see no pleas-  
ure in what is ill-pleasing unto the Lord.  
The Law is no longer a terror and con-  
demnation, but a delight—through no  
relaxation of its perfect holiness and jus-  
tice, but through the strength of Jesus  
Christ, enabling us to do all things.

Peace is unto us, the peace that Christ  
gives, not as the world gives, the peace  
that cometh like a river, making life's  
desert places blossom in beauty, and sat-  
isfying the thirsty soul with goodness.  
Through whatever surroundings of sor-  
row and trial the appointed path may  
lead, the faithful soul leans secure on  
the arm of the Redeemer, who has trod-  
den the way before, and looks even on  
His face, exclaiming, "Thou wilt keep  
him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed  
on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee."

Joy, too, is ours in the Holy Ghost  
the joy that, animated by the indwelling  
Spirit, has its highest expression in the  
service of the Beloved; that can find  
nothing too hard, nothing too great, to  
undertake for Him, and that, on the  
other hand, counts nothing mean and  
trivial that is done for His sake; yes,  
that rather rejoices in the humblest  
work, as best befitting its own unworthi-  
ness.

The trivial road, the common task,  
Afford us all we ought to ask—  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

Such joy hails with delight every spread  
of His dominion among men, and wel-  
comes with a feeling of kinship all who  
love the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

The ideal set before us is lofty, it is  
nothing short of perfection, unattainable  
by unassisted efforts, unattainable at all  
save by the grace of Christ, yet which  
shall be attained in heaven. Else were  
heaven not heaven; else would the chosen  
seed of God and of the redeemed, be not  
the abode of perfect purity and love.

What we hope to be in heaven, let us  
strive to be on earth. To this high mark  
let us all press on.

We do not press on alone. He is  
with us, our adorable Redeemer, who be-  
came man for us and for our salvation,  
tempted like as we are tempted, suffering  
as we suffer, despising the shame and en-  
during the cross for the exceeding weight  
of glory set before Him.

And behold, what a cloud of witnesses  
encompasses us! They who have fought  
the good fight, who have kept the faith,  
who have endured to the end. For their  
names we need not look exclusively in  
the histories of the apostles and martyrs,  
the legends of the saints in by-gone  
centuries. Are there no saints in our own  
days? Who is here, but bears ashrined  
the cherished memory of some ter-  
rified spirit, bearing with meek patience  
a heavy cross, treading a rocky path with  
bleeding feet, ever truthful, rejoicing in  
much tribulation, shedding on all around  
the sweetness of perfect love? Ah,  
their names are too sacred to repeat;  
their portraits are dimmed to the most  
loving gaze by a sudden mist of tears.

Others there are of whom the world  
knows, whose record the Church will  
willingly let die; men and women active  
in every good work, regardless of self,  
thinking only of the Saviour's honor, and  
doing with their might whatever came  
to their hands. Two such are specially  
to my mind to-day, two who have recent-

ly rested from their labors, and who were  
doubtless personally known to many here.

The first is lady (Mrs. T. C. Doremus)  
who made one of the loveliest of Chris-  
tian homes, a center of Christian activity,  
reaching out to the ends of the world,  
girdling the globe with love, and carry-  
ing sunshine throughout this great city  
where she dwelt, from the highest class  
to the lowest. Wherever her name was  
heard it was received with blessing—the  
blessing of him that was ready to perish,  
the blessing of the sister-woman on the  
banks of the Ganges as well as of the  
Hudson, the blessing of all that love the  
Lord—for all these did she love.

And with all her ceaseless, unsparring  
exertions for others, far and near, her  
own home lost none of the charms spring-  
ing from her gracious headship. Every  
trifling household care was heeded; every  
wish, noted or imagined by her watchful  
mother-heart, of all under her roof, down  
to the missionary's little child welcomed  
there for a night, was assiduously grati-  
fied; for herein she saw work for God,  
as much as in the founding of a hospital  
for the suffering of her own sex, or the  
presidency of the Women's Union Mis-  
sionary Society for Foreign Lands.

The other of whom I would speak  
(Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg) has but just been  
called to his reward. His memorial  
abides with us in the sight of all men, his  
name is for us inseparably joined with  
those of three of the chief apostles and  
with the Communion of Saints, whereof  
he was a living witness in the Christian  
institutions into which he wrought a  
long and sweet and noble life, and at  
one of which he is awaiting the resurrec-  
tion—the Church of the Holy Com-  
munion, the College of St. Paul, St.  
Luke's Hospital, and St. Johnland.

Seeing this, let us therefore also run  
with patience the race that is set before  
us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and  
Finisher of our faith. And "unto Him  
that is able to keep you from falling, and  
to present



## CORRESPONDENCE.

The Pupils of the Rochester Institution Enjoy a Model Picnic.

ONE DAY NOT SUFFICIENT TO FILL THE PROGRAMME.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A picnic is always an occasion to which children look forward with joyful anticipation, and last Thursday will always be a green spot in our memory as we recall it to mind. The day was delightful, and the place perfect. Early in the morning we were conveyed by street cars directly from the doors of the institution to the grove.

The ride on Lake avenue was exhilarating. The residences on each side of this beautiful drive showed the wealth and taste of those who lived within; but a glance into many of the windows revealed one of Rochester's characteristics—notwithstanding the care evidently bestowed upon landscape gardening and architecture, greater labor and thought is given to the comfort and elegance of the interior.

Arrived at the grounds all hands were brought into use to express our surprise and pleasure, and the conversation at first was little else than the signs, "nice," "beautiful."

The enclosure of several acres was surrounded with a high board fence—the green and shaded by majestic old elms, oaks and maples. In the center of the park is a large rustic pavilion capable of seating 1,200 or 1,500 people.

The Street Car Managers kindly gave us the use of the place free of charge. Beautiful as the grove was in its picturesqueness was greatly enhanced by its situation—on the brink of a gorge, reminding one by its grandeur of the Colorado canyons. A little way above us the lower falls of the Genesee were roaring, filling the air with clouds of spray, in which appeared at times a beautiful rainbow.

The perpendicular sides of the river channel, two hundred and fifty feet high, were beautifully colored by the different strata of rock like an open fold, down the lines of which the geologist discovers as it was written by the Him to whom "a thousand years are but yesterday," when it is past—the revelation which enables us to understand more clearly the first chapter of Genesis. Down this precipitous bank we clambered, but the greater part of the way would have been impossible had not steps been cut in the rock, and bridges and stairways provided.

After we had safely made the descent some of us hired boats while others preferred to try their luck at fishing from the bank. Two of our party were rewarded with little fishes, which evidently were not to be frightened away by any of our demonstrations on shore or by our paddling and splashing in the water.

The captain of the steamboat offered to take us down the river to the lake, but it was too near dinner time, and our inner man was irresistibly prompting us to return to the park where we knew the tables were being spread with the contents of certain delightfully mysterious looking baskets and boxes.

What a climb it was up the side of the gorge. We found that the two motives of hunger, and curiosity to see the opening of those baskets and other receptacles full of—what we wanted to know—had assembled all at nearly the same time. We had a glorious dinner. Our speaking friends waited on us and seemed to enjoy our appreciation of our bountiful repast.

We had course after course—what we had or what we had not, I am sure I do not know.

One thing can be said of our caterer. He never allows any one to go from the table hungry. We are ordinarily good eaters, but this was an extraordinary occasion, and many friends had sent in valuable contributions.

One of the teachers was so fortunate as to be able to take a basket from home, and his home, we should think from the store he distributed, is one where good things are abundant.

The kind gentleman of whom we rent our buildings always seem to know, as if by intuition just when donations are in order. The boxes of fine confectionery he furnished were very acceptable to palates unaccustomed to dainties. The afternoon was passed in games, catching ball, and beanbags, playing foot ball, jumping the rope, and swinging, both in the ordinary swing and on ropes suspended rings for the hands. It was pleasing to see the older folks turn young again, unbend their joints and dignity alike. But there wasn't half time in one day for all fun planned for us. We saw boxes of croquet, and grace hoops and sticks taken back unused, but, pshaw! we can have them at home. But there was a large basket full of course hempen bags, and one of the boys said he had seen just such used for a sack race. And there were some funny little dwarf dresses and all sorts of queer things brought along in a huge basket. We were told to wait till next time to see what they were for.

We have all voted that this picnic was such a success that we must have the next time come soon, and that we cannot wait longer than till next Thursday.

We wish all our deaf-mute friends could join us in another such a time, but as much jollier as we could make it, though we do not see how we could pack more merry-making into one day than we compressed into the hours and minutes of that memorable Thursday.

W.

Rochester, N. Y., June 2, 1877.

—A gathering of the brothers and sisters of Charles and Nehemiah Webb, has occurred in this village. Monday they gathered at the residence of Nehemiah, and on Tuesday a grand reunion was held at the residence of Charles Webb. Nine brothers and sisters were present, whose average age is over seventy-one years.

Prof. Job Turner at Providence Again.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 23, 1877. EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Last Friday afternoon I left Hartford for this city, after a very pleasant stay of four days at the American Asylum. Never shall I forget my visit to Hartford. It was in recognition of the late Mrs. Gallaudet that I went there to attend her funeral.

While we were approaching this city, we saw a great hail storm, and the ground was found white with hail stones within two miles of this place. Mr. and Mrs. Levi H. Lester gave me a warm welcome, and advised me to rest at their home a day or two. I found in them kind friends.

Next morning I called on Rev. D. H. Greer, rector of Grace church, to see if I could have his church, but he had already given notice that he would have two services in his church on Sunday. He told me that I could have his chapel at 5 o'clock if I chose. A very respectable audience gathered in the chapel, where I conducted the evening Episcopal service, and preached from Psalms 62:5, the subject being "waiting upon God." Only to let your readers know what I mean, I will give your readers one or two extracts. "We should wait upon God as the God of salvation; as the God of providence; as the giver of all temporal blessings; for mercy and pardon; for the consolation of the poor; for protection from all danger; for the fulfillment of his word and promises; and for hope of righteousness by faith. There were only six deaf-mutes at my service, but there must have been more than 100 other citizens.

Rev. Mr. Greer subscribed for the JOURNAL, and said that it was a very nice paper. Rev. W. W. Turner told me that the JOURNAL was the best paper for deaf-mutes. Mr. Editor, go on in your noble work, and may God give you success, and make your paper a valuable one for deaf-mutes for many years.

After service Messrs. Lester and Kinsman and myself, wended our way to the old North burying ground just as the sun was setting. Mr. Lester showed me the grave of Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the declaration of independence; that of Francis Wayland, for many years president of Brown University, very well known as the author of Wayland's Moral Philosophy, and that of the founder of Brown University, and those of many citizens.

Last Monday and Tuesday we should have visited several places, but a heavy rain kept us at home.

I have been to Pawtucket this forenoon to make calls, and am about to take the boat for Fall River, from which place I will send you another letter. Yours truly, JOB TURNER.

### Salem Notes.

SAMUEL ROWE'S LECTURE ON SIR HENRY VANE—OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

On Tuesday evening, May 28th, a lecture was delivered before the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes, by Samuel Rowe of West Buxford, Mass. He selected for his subject, "Sir Henry Vane, and the Reign of Liberty, Peace and Holiness. Mr. Rowe, on being introduced by the Secretary, H. A. Chapman, said:

Sir Henry Vane was born about 1612, and graduated at Oxford and was brought up in the Church of England (Episcopal). In time he began to see its errors and could not agree with its doctrines and found his way in spite of all opposition to the feet of John Calvin. Being much indisposed towards the English Liturgy and church government, he emigrated to New England about 1635. Notwithstanding his youth, he was elected the fourth governor of Massachusetts. The lecturer also spoke of Miss Hutchinson who was a friend of Vane's, and how they were dissatisfied with the people in this city, where he found peace and independence. At last he became involved in religious disputes and soon after returned to England, and was appointed to office. He was chosen to Parliament, and yet kept on such terms with the royal party as to obtain knighthood; but the spirit of the times however, soon led him to take a prominent part against the court. The lecturer told how he came to his death—that he was beheaded in June, 1662, as a martyr. Sir H. Vane mingled much religious devotion, somewhat tinged by the errors of the age, with an extraordinary degree of autenctness and good sense. Mr. Rowe's lecture was very interesting and listened to with much attention.

On Sunday, June 3d, we had the pleasure of hearing a sermon from Bro. G. A. Holmes, of Boston, who took for his subject, "Salvation by promises and power." The gift of the Lord is eternal life. "The Son of Man hath power to forgive our sins," etc. He said if we have in us the foundation of faith, let not your hearts be troubled, for we have the promises of God, and power of Christ to save. If our fellow man is respectable and faithful we expect, of course, honest fulfillment of any promise he makes us, so how much more should we expect honest payment from our Lord Jesus Christ. He spoke of how human promises are sometimes broken, while God never breaks his promises. When we get payment from our fellow debtors we feel happy. How much happier and richer do we feel to receive the fulfillment of Christ's promises. We also need Christ's power. It is possible with Christ to give us salvation. He spoke at some length of the cleansing power. Told us how some have been confused, perplexed and almost persuaded, etc.

He was listened to with close attention throughout. We meet to hear the word of God, and to give glory to God, not to man.

In the evening we had an interesting prayer meeting as usual. One came for

ward confessing his wandering out of the fold, and said he had not tasted liquor for two weeks, and told us how a good many young men tried to lead him astray into some evil ways and how he denied and resisted them. Certainly we enjoyed the feast of the evening.

Next morning I accompanied our good Bro. Holmes to the depot on his way to Boston and there I met our esteemed Bro. Tillinghast in the cars, who had just returned from Newburyport, where he preached and spent the Sabbath with Prof. R. H. Atwood. He reported a very pleasant visit and cordial reception. Many inducements were held out to him to prolong his stay, but Boston matters demanded his attention and he was obliged to leave.

H. P. Chapman has bought a nice dory and some of his friends anticipate good times this summer on the water. He will be found by any one to be generous by letting his friends have the use of it at times. This will induce some friends out of town to come and spend a few days here.

Miss Barnard, formerly of Lowell, has now taken up her residence here which we hope will continue, as she swells the number by one more female deaf-mute. OCCASIONAL.

Salem, June 6th, 1877.

A Select Gathering of Deaf-Mutes in Rochester, and an elegant Party—A Picnic at Maple Grove.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Last Saturday evening an invitation was received by the young ladies of this Institute, to attend a small party to be held at the home of Mr. Hart, one of our teachers. Those who were able to go, accepted the invitation with pleasure, and left the Institute about six o'clock.

Arriving there we were cordially welcomed by all present. We found quite a number of hearing ladies and gentlemen there, and others continued to arrive. The company was composed of ladies and gentlemen of rare culture and refinement, who seemed to find pleasure in putting others at their ease, and in making them feel at home; so there was not one of our pupils who was able to say that he or she was neglected or unnoticed, but all joined in praises, both of the company and the lovely house in which we were invited. Very soon after our arrival various amusements were begun. There was dancing, and several games, which were very much enjoyed by all. After we had amused ourselves for some time, we were called to partake of a delicious repast, which was crowned by the distribution of some "German Motives," and we were soon arrayed in the various gayly-colored paper caps which they contained. Then we had more dancing, and the company was so entertaining, the amusements so much enjoyed, that the time passed very swiftly and pleasantly, and before we fairly realized it, it was time for us to go home. We were very reluctant to bring our enjoyments to a close, and delayed our departure till the last moment, but finally, when there was no excuse for staying longer, and all good-byes were said, we left that pleasant home and people, feeling that our enjoyment had been complete. We shall long remember that evening, and the pleasant time we had, and the lovely people whom we met. We shall always feel grateful to them for all they have done to make us happy.

Yesterday we had a delightful picnic at Maple Grove, and several of the ladies and gentlemen whom we met at the house of Mr. Hart were present.

R. H. Western N. Y. Inst., Rochester, N. Y., June 1, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner at Fall River.

FALL RIVER, May 25, 1877. EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have gotten up early this beautiful morning to write to you.

I arrived here from Providence last Wednesday evening. We had a very pleasant run down Narragansett Bay on board the fine steamboat "Richard Borden," so named in honor of Mr. Borden, who was having it built while he died very suddenly. He was one of the richest men in this place. His sudden decease warns us to be prepared for death. My friend, Mr. Samuel Wilkinson, received me kindly, and said he would always be happy to welcome me. He is an amiable gentleman, and much esteemed by all who know him.

He introduced me to a speaking gentleman, named Mr. Wordell, who has two deaf-mute daughters, aged three and five years. Yesterday I called to see one of these children, and found her a bright little girl. She can speak about a dozen words.

Last night I conducted a service for deaf-mutes in the church of the Ascension, a very beautiful church, and Rev. Mr. Fitch interpreted every word that I said, for the benefit of the hearing audience. After service I announced that I would officiate in the church on Sunday, July 1st, and that my sermon and prayers would be interpreted for the hearing audience. I found Mr. Fitch a very pleasant gentleman, and he asked me to call on him often, and expressed his appreciation of my work, and my mission to the deaf-mutes. I ask the prayers of all deaf-mute followers of Christ, that I may prove faithful. I am very thankful that I am so hospitably received wherever I go, and I should accept many invitations to stay longer, if my numerous engagements would permit.

I am going to Marblehead this morning. Yours sincerely, JOB TURNER.

—Mr. A. Thomas has torn down the old shed that stood south of his barn, and is building in its place a new barn 26x30 ft. He will also enlarge what was formerly the south barn, making all three barns of the same width and in fact the same as one long barn.

For the Deaf-Mutes' Journal. The Hidden Hand, or Quiet Doing.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Another week has gone and here comes our DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. So we will just take a peep, and see if there is anything more to be told us about little Lilla. Of course there will be, for the writer told us that there would be something. Ah, here it is, as plain as printers ink can make it.

"More about Lilla as promised." Look yonder, see that flaxen curly head; romping and playing with kittle. She has in her hands a ball of yarn, and pussy is jumping, pouncing, tossing up the ball, and getting herself into all manner of shapes as she plays with Lilla and the ball. There, now, she has shut her eyes, and looks as if she was going to sleep; but wait a moment, as Lilla draws away the ball kittle keeps quiet, till it is nearly across the sitting room, then she gives one bound, Lilla gives another, and our playful kittle Daisy, (for that is the name Lilla has given her) takes it up, throws it over her head, while she turns a summersault and thus things go lively for some minutes, till all at once Master Charlie comes in with his share of the fun, bringing with him Ned, his pet dog, who is as black as a coal. Now, wait, see Miss Pussy; "her back is up," sure enough; she is evidently displeased. No more play at ball for her. She spurs, she spits, and then she makes one jump, the dog another, and the fight begins. Charlie laughs; Lilla cries out, "Oh, you awful bad dog to tease my cat," and she takes it away, while puss kicks and scratches to make another dive, but Lilla holds it firmly till Harvey comes in. He soon takes in the situation of things, and as he is older than Charlie by five years he resolves that Daisy and Ned should be friends, so he tells Lilla: "Now I want them to play and romp together, just as you and Daisy do. You hold kittle and I will hold Ned, and we will teach them to be kind, won't we?"

"Yes, yes," said the timid Lilla; "but oh, if that dog should eat my kittle up!" Then she cried. Mrs. Sheldon gently patted the child till all traces of tears had passed off and the sunlight lit up her face; then Mrs. S. said, "Now, children, take very good care that you do not worry either the cat or the dog, and in a little time they will get acquainted and will not fight. Even dumb animals are affected by kind treatment, so see what you can do." Lilla gently patted Daisy, while Harvey held Ned firmly, and whistled to him. At length cat and dog were looking at each other, as if they began to know that they belonged to the household. Nearer and nearer they were brought till Lilla thought all was right. She relaxed her hold and that instant puss jumped higher than a kite. Ned barked and a general stampede ensued. So things did not progress much more that day, and Ned was taken out of the room in disgrace. Poor kittle trembled and Lilla sung her to sleep, after she had given her some catnip tea, as she said kittle was nervous and catnip is so good for little babies, she really thought poor, frightened Daisy would be helped by taking it.

Dear child, she had a tender, loving nature, and if she should live to grow up, many hearts will bless her, many eyes will smile on her. Her sad heart was withering for love and care that very morning that Miss Stanley found her wending her weary way she knew not where. Ah, there was one who was guarding the little waif that her feet slip not. That watchful eye that never slumbers or sleeps was directing her every step so that the thorns that beset her life's path might not harm her infant feet. A gentle spirit was hovering over her. A hand hidden from mortal eye was ever extended. She who had entered into rest was brooding over her. How could that sanctified spirit, that redeemed being, do otherwise. Suppose you wonder at these things, these hidden mysteries that loved ones are indifferent! Why is it that oftentimes our steps are arrested? The inner ear of our souls feels the warm breath of love, as it is wafted from that land not so far off. The answer comes, our loved ones are there. The love natures we have here, do not die when this frail body decays. Their power is greatly enhanced in that fair clime where none grow old, none are ill, none are deaf, none are blind, and where no tears are ever shed. Who would not cheerfully endure the ills of life, when they have the assurance that in "That Sweet By-and-By" all anguish and sorrow will cease. Yet we shall be shall not be indifferent to those we leave. Who knows but what the employment of heaven will be in part the averting of evils that might otherwise befall dear ones. Heaven is not a place of inaction. The joys and the pleasures of this life are greatly augmented when we know that we have sent the Prince of Joy into the heart of some lone wanderer here. How much more so will it be when with our glorified bodies, we are permitted to shelter and screen those who were so dear to us while we were with them on earth. All these things are wisely hidden from us now. Yet we do so love to think of absent ones, and while we think we almost feel their influence, and though dead they yet speak.

This is why little Lilla so often would cry out in the bitterness of grief, "Dear Mother." Her little crushed heart was calling out for aid. Her cold, attenuated hand was stretched out for that mother's hand, which had never been refused her when as an infant she cried for help. The loving Father had in store for Lilla another mother who would cheerfully perform all the allotted duties which any fond mother could or would. The faint breathings of desire from that infant heart found an echo in the heart of Infinite Love. Happy child and who knows but what we may properly call Happy mother, thy little one has at last a shelter where life's tempestuous waves come not.

Just look! See Lilla neatly dressed

in white merino, a blue sash tied gracefully around her tiny waist. Her hair flowing gracefully. She looks as pure as a lily. She sheds the fragrance of love all over the home. Mr. Sheldon, the stately judge, as he comes into the drawing room, looks around for the sprightly child. He never sees her at breakfast, for the judge is one of your early risers, and eats his morning meal before little Lilla has opened her peepers, but at noon she and the judge have their romps, and Mrs. Sheldon often says, "Why, pa, you are looking younger since our darling has come."

Do you think if there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner returning to God, that there might not be joy when words such as Mrs. Sheldon had just spoken, were addressed to that noble-hearted man. Can that emancipated mother be ignorant of all this. We love to think that in her eternal home she knows it all.

"What in the world is the child about," asked the judge. Lilla was so absorbed that she did not see him as he entered the room, and no doubt did not hear him, so taken up was she with Daisy. There the darling sat in her little chair, rocking puss, bending over her and saying, "No, no, Ned shall not eat you up; you go to sleep, and then baby puss shall have more catnip." Even then our little Lilla was evincing traits of character, which would make her none the less beautiful as she budded into womanhood.

A cough from the judge startled Lilla. She sprang up and ran to him, saying, "Why, grandpa, when did you come in. What do you think! Ned, I thought, was going to eat kittle up. Oh, how dreadful, grandpa." Her little frame shook as she told all about it. Grandpa said, "No, pet, Ned shall not. If Ned does not behave well to your pussy, I will put something over his mouth so that he can't bite. Don't cry; there, let grandpa wipe your little eyes."

The dinner bell then rang, and grandpa took his little pet up in his arms and gently sat her in the high arm chair, that was once Harvey's and was now hers. See the tiny hands folded as grandpa thanked the Author and Giver of all good things for the food prepared.

Now we will tell some of Ned's pranks. Several red squirrels lived close to the house, and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular romp with Ned. They would come down from the maple trees with provoking coolness. They would run along the aisle almost within reach; they would sail across the road to the barn, and yet there was such well-timed calculation under all this apparent rashness, that Ned invariably arrived at the critical spot just the squirrel left it. On one occasion Ned was so close upon his red-backed friend that unable to get up the maple tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran through the chinks, emerged at a little distance and sprang into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off at some distance, he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnifying on it. Then with tail extended and every hair thereon electrified he would rush at the empty hole with a prodigious onslaught. This squirrel would bound Ned night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up into the tree before his face, and crouching, would silently watch the progress of bombardment the empty hole with great sobriety and relish. But Ned would allow of no doubts. This conviction that the hole had a squirrel in it continued unshaken. When all occupations failed, this hole remained to him. When there were no more chickens to hurry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no Charlie to romp with, no expeditions to make with the grown folks, and when he had slept all that his dog-skin would allow, he would walk out of the yard, yawn, and stretch himself, and then look wistfully at the hole, as if thinking to himself, "Well, as there is nothing else to do, I may as well try that hole again!" All right, if he does not scare Lilla's Daisy, and as Grandpa said he should not, we rather think Lilla feels content. As we do not wish to take up space designed for others, we desist, expecting to make you another visit.

### Meteorology.

The average temperature of the month of May, 1877, at 7 a. m., was 51.8°, at 2 p. m., 61.9°, and at 9 p. m., 51.4°. Mean, 54.1°. The warmest May during the past 23 years was 59.9°, in 1862. Coldest, 49.6°, in 1866. Highest temperature during the month was 78°; lowest, 35°.

The amount of rainfall was 0.4 of an inch. This is the least amount that has fallen in May, with the exception of 1870, during the above time.

The old axiom proved true, that "Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for a shining May." Poets have sung of every month in the year, but of none with more fervor or more reason than May. There is a freshness about the new growth, the springing grass, opening leaves and blossoms on innumerable trees, that form such a contrast with the ice and death of winter, that the delight of the scene is enhanced a hundred fold. Seldom have we had such May mildness or May scenery as this year. The summer heats have been on us for days together, and the transformation has been so rapid that we have (almost) gone to bed with the trees bare, and awakened to see them covered with this spring beauty.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, June 5, 1877.

—Mrs. S. H. Stone, while standing on the porch at the side door of T. G. Brown's house, Monday, accidentally stepped off. The fall seriously injured her limb, but it is thought no bones were broken, although she is in considerable pain.

### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

BOSTON, June 9, 1877.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—The event of the week is disaster and death, by the burning of one of our family hotels, or model flats, as they are called—by which two lives were lost, and a number of people wounded. A fire broke out about 6 p. m. on the 5th, during a violent rain storm, and in five minutes after it was discovered the smoke and flame, following the stairway, cut off the retreat of the people in their rooms, so that escape was impossible, except to leap from the windows. By almost superhuman exertion the firemen saved a few persons, but those who jumped from the windows were frightfully hurt or killed outright.

The building in which this fire originated, had escaped the examination of the Inspector of Buildings, whether purposeful or not, so that no escape by the roof, or by the ladders from each floor, was possible. After the Brooklyn horror last winter, a spasm of energy was developed in regard to our theatres, halls, and churches, and some improvements were made in them, but the large family hotels, (or death traps as they are), were not interfered with. This horror is, therefore, directly attributable to some one's neglect or cupidity. It is now too late to protect the unfortunate inmates of the house which was burned, but it is not too late to look after the safety of the thousands who are similarly situated throughout the city.

### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

This flourishing industrial organization has just come under new direction. The retirement of John H. Noyes from the presidency, excites fresh comment on the institution he founded.

The apparent permanence and success of the Oneida Community is due largely to the personal character of this man. He has always insisted that persons must be perfectionists, before they are communists. People who are perfect can afford to be a law unto themselves, but to most of us these millennial conditions have not yet come. Mr. Noyes is succeeded by his son who is said to have a large measure of his father's ability.

### THE CRUSADE

Against rum continues with great success. A number of reformed men have developed into organizers of Temperance efforts, and nightly hold meetings in some parts of the city or vicinity, to advance the good cause. Verily, the seed sown by the Moody and Sankey revival is springing up by the wayside. It is known that over 3,000 people have been led to live sober, honest lives.

### THE ELEPHANTS

Attached to a circus performing in this city, had a small picnic of their own yesterday. Five baby elephants indulged in a bath in a small lake on the Common. If the noise they made could be interpreted as an expression of their joy, they were, indeed, happy. Their keeper had hard work to get them out of the water. The fun was witnessed by thousands of people, who seemed as much pleased as the elephants were. A free show always draws a crowd.

### THE POOR CHILDREN

Of Boston will have a chance for some recreation during the coming hot weather. Funds have been raised for seven excursions, and a committee appointed to carry out the programme. This will enable all respectable poor children to enjoy one day of pleasure, away from the heat and dust of the city. No better employment of funds can be made.

### STRAWBERRY FESTIVALS

Are now all the rage. Scarcely an evening passes that does not find a gathering of two or more enjoying the luscious fruit. Unadulterated cream adds to the enjoyment very much. For steady diet strawberry short-cake is the thing just now.

### THE WORM

Are literally devouring the foliage of the fruit trees in this vicinity. In many orchards the trees are entirely stripped of leaves, and they have a red appearance as if touched by fire. The potato bug is also marching on, much to the disgust of the farmers and gardeners.

### LEAFY JUNE

Has given us much wetness, so far, but perhaps none too much for the growing crops. Market "sass" is plentiful.

### BUSINESS

For the week closing, has been fair. A large trade sale of rubber goods has drawn a great many strangers to the city, and with the success of the sale (which was experimental) many new business acquaintances have been made by our merchants and dealers. We hope to see the acquaintance kept up. The "Hub" needs friends.

### YANKEE.

ORISKANY FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 2, '76. From the effects of an unusually severe cold, I became so hoarse as to be able to speak but little above a whisper. The use of Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for a few hours, gave me perfect relief. I have been affected so several times, and always find prompt relief from the use of the Syrup. I am satisfied that it is a valuable medicine of its kind, and would recommend its use to those in need of a cough remedy.

My sister's children are subject to croup. They always keep this Syrup in the house, and find its timely use always prevents severe attacks of this so frequently fatal disease.

F. C. BROCK.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally.

50-4w

### General Grant in England.

LONDON, June 8.—On the 18th inst., Gen. Grant will dine with the Duke of Devonshire at London, to-night and Monday, with Sir Charles Dilke. On the 15th inst. the Lord Mayor's reception in his honor will take place at Guild Hall, when the freedom of the city will be presented to General Grant with ceremony. This will be followed by breakfast at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On the 18th inst. he will dine at the Reform Club. On the 19th he will attend a special entertainment at Crystal Palace. On the 20th he will dine with the Marquis of Rhyon and attend a ball at Buckingham Palace. On the 22d he will attend the queen's concert at Buckingham Palace. On the 23d he will dine with the Prince of Wales. This will be the grandest entertainment of the visit in point of the rank of the guests. The date of the dinner with Earl Derby is not fixed, in consequence of the absence of the Countess of Derby. Neither is the date of the queen's dinner fixed on account of her majesty's absence. The Earl of Beaconsfield's dinner has been declined on account of other engagements. The Ex-President takes the precedent at every entertainment of all others, after the royal family. He is received everywhere with great cordiality. General Grant as yet has had no opportunity to visit his daughter in consequence of his numerous engagements. He will leave London on the 27th of June, and probably go to Paris.

The New Game Laws Signed—Their Provisions.

Gov. Robinson has signed the two acts amending the game law of this State, which were passed by the late Legislature. The second of these is brief, and is only a different wording of one of the sections of the longer bill. As the law now stands, moose and wild deer can be chased and killed only during September, October and November, and their meat can be sold only in those months and in December. The killing of fawns in spotted coats at any time is forbidden. It is unlawful to pursue deer with dogs at any time, and any person is authorized to shoot a dog in pursuit of a deer. The killing of deer in Suffolk county, Long Island, is forbidden entirely for five years. The killing or selling of wild ducks, geese and brant, is forbidden between May 1 and September 1, and at all times between sunset and daylight, or by the aid of artificial light. The killing or selling of woodcock is forbidden between January 1 and August 1, except on Long Island, where the shooting may begin on July 3; of black and gray squirrels between February 1 and August 1, except in Franklin and St. Lawrence counties; of quail between January 1 and November 1; of rabbits, between March 1 and November 1, the use of ferrets to catch rabbits being entirely prohibited, except that the owners of nurseries may trap them at any time within their own territory.

The trapping, setting or snaring of partridges or quail is forbidden. Any person may sell or have in his possession a prairie chicken or quail between January 1 and March 1, and a partridge between January 1 and February 1, without incurring the penalty of the law, or providing that the birds were killed within the period provided by the law, or outside of the State where the law did not forbid such killing.

The catching of speckled trout, except in private waters, by any means but angling is forbidden, as well as the setting or drawing of any net in any stream or other water inhabited by brook trout, and any person may destroy such a net if it is found. Speckled trout may be killed, sold and held in possession only between April 1 and September 1. No person is allowed to take any fish by means of a pound or trap in Great South Bay or Lake Erie; offenders to be guilty of a misdemeanor and be liable to a fine of \$100 or thirty days' imprisonment.

The use of any machine or floating battery in shooting wild fowl in the waters of the State, or of any bough house more than twenty rods from shore is forbidden; but nothing in this section applies to Long Island.

### The State Sportsmen Association.

Which meets in Syracuse June 18-23, promises to be one of much interest.

The Bench Show of Dogs is expected to surpass any exhibition of the kind ever held in the State, except the recent exhibition in New York. An extensive exhibition of Fish will be made at the same time and place—in the State Armory, 180 x 85 feet. Dogs valued at \$1,000 and more are entered, and the committee have assurances that several well-known imported dogs will be exhibited.

Four hundred kennels are being constructed. The cash prizes amount to a little more than \$1,000.

The programme for the field sports is by far the most elaborate ever presented to the Association. The prizes are exceptionally fine and valuable. Their aggregate value slightly exceeds \$6,000.

The programme for rifle shooting embraces five competitions, with fine prizes. There are two classes of fly casting, the first prize in each being a seventy-five dollar rod.

A new feature has been inaugurated in the insurance business. For a small fee the company will enter into an agreement with owners of horses, carriages, harness, silver or plated ware, to return the same if stolen, or pay its value in cash. A full description of the property is taken when the agreement is entered into, and it is thereafter under



## Twenty-Four Things.

- In which people render themselves very impolite, annoying or ridiculous.
- Boisterous laughter.
- Reading while others are talking.
- Leaving a stranger without a seat.
- A want of reverence for superiors.
- Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
- Making yourself the topic of conversation.
- Laughing at the mistakes of others.
- Joking others in company.
- Correcting older persons than your self.
- To commence talking before others are through.
- Answering questions when put to others.
- Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
- Whispering or talking loudly in church, at a lecture or concert, or leaving before it is closed.
- Cutting or biting the finger nails in company, or picking the teeth, or the nose, pulling the hairs therefrom.
- Drumming with the feet or fingers, or leaning back in a chair, or putting the feet upon furniture.
- Gazing at strangers, or listening to the conversation of others when not addressed to you, or intended for your hearing.
- Reading aloud in company without being asked, or talking, whispering, or doing anything that diverts attention while a person is reading for the edification of the company.
- Talking of private affairs loudly in cars, ferry boats, stages, or at public table, or questioning an acquaintance about his business or his personal and private affairs anywhere in company, especially in a low tone.
- In not listening to what one is saying, in company—unless you desire to show contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation while another of the company is addressing himself to it.
- Breaking in upon or interrupting persons when engaged in business. If they are to be long engaged, or you are known to have come from a distance, they will offer to give you attention at the earliest moment.
- Peeping from private rooms into the hall when persons are passing, coming in or going out; or looking over the bannisters to see who is coming when the door-bell rings.
- When you go into an office or house, or private room of a friend, never handle things, asking their use, price, etc., nor handle nor read any written paper; it is a great impertinence, and most intolerable.
- Mind your own business, and let your friend have time, without annoyance, to attend to his.

## The End of a Long Life.

COLONEL SHERMAN HOSMER.

A long and eventful life yielded to the inevitable destroyer when Sherman Hosmer closed his eyes in death on Friday morning last. He died of cancer at the residence of his son, Wm. Hosmer, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. While he was aware that the tide of his long existence had at last reached its ebb, yet he seemed rather loth to leave the earth that had borne him for such a length of time, and in which he had so long been a witness to the greatest fluctuations in the affairs of men, neighborhoods and nations. He was one of our earliest and oldest inhabitants having lived in this vicinity about seventy years, and with his death disappears, perhaps, the last of those hardy pioneers who came here when this town was a howling wilderness. He probably possessed a better practical knowledge of the history of this vicinity than any other man as he was here at the beginning, and had watched the bud, the blow and the fruit. The records show that he was active in the organization of our schools, churches, and all business enterprises. To the present generation the name of Col. Hosmer will seem like a ghost evoked from the dead past, so long it is now since it was associated with any of the stirring events of our town's history—but to the earlier settlers and to the few surviving soldiers of the war of 1812—his death will awaken an interest and recall early reminiscences and scenes of the most thrilling character.

His life stretches back over many generations of our people, and it is almost impossible to comprehend the practical significance of his great age. It is hard to realize that this man so recently among us was living in this town and old enough to vote when the present site of this village was an almost unbroken forest. That he lived here before the day of mails, roads, bridges and mills, and when the society of the vicinity consisted of only seven or eight families. That he taught the first school ever organized in this town. That he has hunted bears and other wild beasts over the places of our present homes and streets, and fished in our streams, when trout and salmon abounded. That he went to mill at Rome or Camden and bought his goods at Constantinople. That Leonard Ames, Calvin Tiffany, Phineas Davis and John Morton were for years his neighbors, all of whom have long, long been in their graves. During the life

of this man the world has made much history. It is difficult to realize that he was quite an old resident here when the Erie canal was completed and remembered how the event of connecting the waters of the great lakes with the Ocean was celebrated in a modest way at Prattville. He had passed on into middle life when the first railroad train in the world was run and remembered it as rather of a recent event, and considered himself as an old man when the first message was sent over the telegraph wires. He had a clear recollection of the excitement which prevailed when the first American steam boat ploughed the waters of the Hudson.

He outlived all his early contemporaries and was long revered for his venerable past by a generation, who regarded him as a living remnant of some other age, who bore a charmed existence, which somehow carried him through all the perils scenes of a frontier life.

Mr. Hosmer was an officer in the army during the war of 1812, and is well known among the old veterans of this region. On account of his familiarity with the army movements and muster rolls of that period he has always been of great service to the old soldiers in adjusting and procuring their claims from the government.

He never became rich in worldly goods, and in this respect resembled the most of our pioneers. They had a fierce struggle with the hardships incident to a new country, and their poverty, if remarkable, was honorable. They tilled the forests, prepared the soil, and put in the seed, while later generations plucked the golden fruit.

In 1815 he married Fanny Slack, daughter of Israel Slack, of Prattville, eight children being the fruit of their union, and but three of whom, Wm. Hosmer, Thos. Hosmer, and Mrs. Holland Wilder, are now living. His wife died in 1836.

And so another American soldier is laid away to rest. His dust will soon mingle with the soil which he defended, but his heroism and sacrifices will long be remembered.

## DECORATION DAY.

ITS OBSERVANCE IN THIS VILLAGE.

Wednesday morning was clear and beautiful; but the roads were extremely dry, and the clouds of dust rendered it very unpleasant, particularly for those in the procession.

About 2 p. m. the line of procession was formed on Church street in the following order:

Marshal—Major N. Hall.  
Mexico Helicon Band.  
Veterans of army and navy.  
Huntington Guards, under command of Capt. E. L. Huntington.  
Colosse Cornet Band.  
Fire Department, under command of Chief John Wing.  
Citizens.

Arriving at the Cemetery, the Huntington Guards and Veterans proceeded to decorate the graves of those who had fallen in defense of their country. Afterwards all who could get within hearing distance of the speaker's stand, assembled there. The Amphion Glee Club sang a piece entitled "Sweet Decoration Day," and a short and appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. W. F. Hemenway, pastor of the M. E. Church. The club then sang "Rest, soldier, rest," after which L. H. Conklin, Esq., President of the village, introduced the orator of the day, Hon. N. B. Smith, of Pulaski, who delivered an address admirably suited to the occasion, and which greatly pleased all who heard it; and as many of our citizens desire its publication, we here-with give it:

## THE ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Among the many interesting events in our country's history, there is none more touching and beautiful than this simple ceremony of decorating our soldiers' graves. And when we reflect that to-day, perhaps at this very hour, thousands of sympathetic voices and hearts throughout our land are engaged in this beautiful service, it becomes a thrilling and sublime thought.

How fitting it is then that the citizens of your peaceful village and township, the young and the aged, should abandon these accustomed pursuits and repair to this abode of the silent ones—"God's choice acre"—and with sad and joyous music, with reverent voices, and with their floral offerings—the sweet emblems of all that is true and good in the human heart—thus decorate the graves of the few brave soldiers whose bodies are slumbering here.

It is good for us to be here to-day. We ought to commemorate brave deeds, and honor the memories of heroic men. We ought to do homage to the heroic martyrs who perished that we and our nation might live. Whenever a courageous act is performed or an heroic character given to our history, the whole nation is purer, stronger and the better for it.

In all times, and in all nations the memory of the patriotic dead has been reverently cherished. In ancient Egypt pyramids were erected to guard the remains of her warrior kings. The mauseoleum attests the grief of a widowed queen. The tomb of Achilles was decked with the fabled amaranth; while brazen monuments and lofty columns commemorated the battles fought for glory and the aggrandizement of power. Other generations in our land have with story and song, with festivities and rejoicings celebrated the daring deeds, the patriotic love and noble lives of the fathers of our liberties. To-day the American Republic with its new birth and panoply of freedom, with far richer and nobler tributes will crown with impartial hand the graves of all her heroes, nameless and obscure though some may be who sacrificed their lives in its defense, its glory and its redemption.

The rarest flower in the immortal crown

is a sublime faith. A faith which consecrates life and circumstances bravely and solemnly to duty. A faith, which is the inspiration wherever good achievements and spotless lives are found. A man without faith is like a prophet without inspiration. So a citizen without faith in his country's greatness, in its mission, its resources, and its institutions, is like the mariner without his compass, or the iron horse without its engine.

As the scenes of our late unhappy struggle are recalled; as the many heroic deeds, the perils, privations, and sorrows of our brave men are again remembered; as the many sweet lives of fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, comrades and friends then sacrificed are again present to us by memory's faithful photograph, let our faith in our country's greatness and honor and safety be quickened and re-animated. While you encircle and bestow with garlands to-day the scattered graves of those self-sacrificing ones whose remains are buried in this hallowed ground, let your faith in the sacred cause of freedom and union for which they struggled and fell, be firm as the mountain oak and pure and rich as the waters of life.

As you scatter these bright gems of earth over the mounds of those whose names are honored with some grateful tablet, do not forget in passing those who may slumber in unknown graves, those who died on the weary march, in the lonely hospital, or perhaps in a prison cell, and whose remains are mouldering in some distant porter's field, or in some lonely valley by the river side, but in bright visions bring back their many forms to this consecrated spot, and join with the poet in singing the grateful tribute—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest;  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She here'll dress a sweeter sod,  
Than fairies' feet have ever trod;  
By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung."

But this solemn service is not alone prolific in bright fancies and poetic sentiments, but it is redolent with thought and practical lessons. Above all things it teaches us the value and true uses of the sentiment of patriotism. A man with no sentiment in his soul is a mere automaton. The wealth of a Ceresus or the intellect of a Napoleon cannot make him a man. So the riches of the Indies cannot make a nation; but a spark of sentiment, like the immortal shot fired at Lexington, in April, 1775, may be heard around the world. Broad expanse of territory or grandeur of possessions cannot make a nation's citizens grand and noble. Xerxes with his millions of soldiers and the possessions of a continent did not make the history of Persia illustrious; but the three hundred brave Spartans dying for their country at the pass of Thermopylae have immortalized the name of ancient Greece. Our nation may expand its domain from "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," and yet without Bunker Hill and Lexington and Yorktown, without Gettysburg and the Appomattox where would be the glory of our nation?

A patriot may make a nation's annals illustrious. William Tell makes the name of Switzerland glorious. Bruce of Bannockburn and William Wallace give renown imperishable to Scotland. With such results who can estimate the value of a true love of country? The riches of the East, or the wisdom of a Solomon cannot compare with it.

The best actor is he who is most forgetful of self. So the purest patriot in the drama of a nation's life, is he who is most oblivious of self-interest. And it means not only forgetfulness of self amid the carnage and tumult of war's dread havoc, but in all the great duties and responsibilities of life. The triumphs of peace are only won by the faithful performance of duty, and no public duty is faithfully performed without a sacrifice.

It is such a patriotism, high, pure and devoted, which the noble deeds and still nobler lives whom we commemorate on this Memorial Day, demands of us all.

As you admire true and generous hearts and deeds everywhere, as we praise and glorify with eloquence and song, the heroic faith, the incomparable patriotism, and the noble lives of our Revolutionary fathers; as the stolid courage of the Turk, now defending his home on the banks of the blue Danube or in the mountains of Armenia, excites our admiration, let us never forget or disparage, let us never cease to prize, to exalt and to celebrate the matchless courage, the unspeakable sacrifices, and the grand achievements of all our brave soldiers, whether living or fallen, who went down to battle in our great national struggle for unity and freedom.

While we thus reverence the memories of the fallen, we have a work to do of gratitude, of duty and love, to defend, to protect and honor those who survive, those who are maimed and wounded, the sick and the needy, whose bodies were enfeebled, whose spirit was broken, and whose opportunities may have been lost by the expenses, the hardships and the peril of war.

While we thus honor the dead, do not forget those who mourn; those who have experienced the sorrow of separation and death, and in whose households is the empty chair.

And in passing through this ceremony once more, let the stubborn bravery and the heroic fortitude of our Southern foe only be mentioned with words of kindness and of charity.

Then shall we all remember—that we have a country, high, grand, noble and free, and a devotion to our country and a protection of its fair fame and name will become a living principle and conviction in every American heart.

The new era of reconciliation and reconciliation is dawning upon us. Welcome then, on this day of generous sympathy and kind recollections, the new policy of harmony and brotherhood. Welcome

the sweet angel peace that is now brooding all over our united lands, for in peace there is strength; in harmony there is prosperity; in brotherhood there is that love of country which knows no North, and no South, and which makes Mason and Dixon's line imaginary in deed as in name, and which will bring with it not only a union of hands but a union of hearts.

Around the graves of the Union dead let the bitterness and animosities of the past be buried. Let sectional hate, party rancor be immolated on this altar. Let no malice or resentment mar or disturb the generous sentiments of the hour. For "Peace hath her victories." To err is human, to forgive is divine. While we honor the memories of the brave ones slumbering here, let us drop oblique words of pity and of charity for the brave soldiers in grey—pity for his misdirected zeal, and charity and praise for his chivalrous courage. The best General Amnesty is the forgiveness of the past.

As you soon conclude these memorial services once more, may you scatter your garlands in the spirit of love, of reverence and of hope; with love for the lives of those who once gladdened and brightened your own; with reverence for their memories, and in the joyous hope that in the hour of our country's peril she may ever find such brave defenders. On this auspicious day, when Heaven's sympathies seem so near us, when nature's sweet springtime is smiling so benignly on us, let us only with generous hearts and Christian kindness recall what is brave and good and valorous in their lives.

Though no costly cenotaph or inspiring monument crowns and adorns this consecrated ground where sleep your brave, you can bring here year by year these unwritten memorials, these emblems of our common frailty and our common resurrection, fragrant as the brave deeds they commemorate. Let these annual offerings then be presented with an affection and gratitude as pure as the fragrance these flowers so sweetly distill. Then may we all truly say—

"Blest be the ground where heroes sleep,  
And blest the flag that o'er them waves,  
Its radiant stars their watch shall keep,  
And brightly beam on hallowed graves."

After the close of the address, line was again formed, and all marched back to the village.

The following are the names of those whose graves were decorated:

L. J. Huntington, Battery L, 9th Artillery; H. Whitney, Battery G, 1st N. Y. Light Artillery; N. G. Wilder, Co. E, 110th N. Y. V.; J. Crozier, Co. E, 110th Reg't, N. Y. V.; E. Crozier, Co. E, 110th N. Y. V.; H. Kenyon, Co. E, 110th N. Y. V.; W. Waring, 1st United States Sharp Shooters; J. Walsh, 7th N. Y. Cavalry; O. Sykes, 24th N. Y. V.; E. Erskine, Battery G, 1st N. Y. Light Artillery; Lieut M. Rundell, Battery G, 1st N. Y. Light Artillery; John Wimple Co. J, 81st N. Y. V.; J. McCann, Battery G, 1st N. Y. Light Artillery; H. J. Birch, N. Y. Cavalry; A. Birch, Co. F, 147th Reg't; Dr. E. A. Huntington, Assistant Surgeon 110th N. Y. V.; Capt. G. A. Lambie, Co. E, 146th Reg't N. Y. S. V. Also that of J. W. Bard, of the Huntington Guards.

Thinking it well to remember those who served our country during its hour of peril but who were spared to return again to us, we give the names of those who marched in the veteran corps—

L. Tuller, C. Sherman, O. Whitney, E. D. Goit, R. L. Garling, J. Blays, J. Stebbins, J. I. Porter, Willie McCann, M. Wade, A. S. Madison, Nelson Alfred, John McCann, Jackson Daniels, G. E. Buck, A. Ferney, Wm McCarthy, C. W. Cheeney, E. C. Hosmer, N. Delore.

The following are also veterans but their duties called them elsewhere in the procession: Major N. Hall, Capt. E. L. Huntington, J. J. Burdick, G. A. Penfield, Milton Parsons, F. B. Gregory, A. N. Benedict, E. F. Carpenter, H. M. Ames, C. Copp, John Preman, Horace Larkin, Henry Penfield, Gilbert Larkin, Wm. Stevens, Robert Clark.

As time speeds on and the date of our late war recedes, it seems as if the deeds of the country's dead are yearly thought more of, as the crowd at our cemetery on Decoration Day is annually increasing—this year it being larger than on any previous occasion.

The singing of Messrs. Miller, Rutson, Bennett and Flint, who compose the Glee Club, was excellent; while the sweet strains of both the Helicon Band and the Colosse Cornet Band added much to the interest of the occasion.

We noticed that the following stores were decorated with flags or bunting: Goit & Castle's, Woodruff & Cobb's, H. C. Peck & Son, S. L. Alexander's, C. T. Croft's, Becker Bros.; also the residences of Henry Penfield and Chas. Webb.

—The humblest can do something toward making a local paper interesting. If you cannot be a defaulting bank clerk, you can at least step on an orange peel and sprain your ear.—Ee.

—Invisible wire for hanging pictures, instead of the heavy cord so long in use, is now fashionable.

## Reasons Why.

A great many inquiries have been made as to how clothing, boots and shoes, etc., can be sold so cheap at the Boston Clothing Store in Pulaski, N. Y. It is simply this, by having many branches to their principal house they buy very heavy stocks of cloths and other goods in the old world across the sea, and the manufacturers themselves, and import them direct, which no other dealer in this part of the country is able to do, and by doing so M. Levy saves the profit usually made by three or four parties, and gives his customers the benefit of it. Boston Clothing Store, Pulaski, N. Y.

## Decoration Day.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK CITY, May 30, 1877. To-day has been a triumph of beauty, devotion and sentiment contrasted with the disgusting attempt a short time ago to celebrate and engraft upon this city the rule of "Beer and Rum" under the title of *Carnival*.

New York never before presented a more beautiful and brilliant appearance than to-day. Madison and Union Squares were the centres of attraction in the upper portion of the city, and the well-behaved masses of people invaded the sacred grass plots, and sat under the shade trees, while the children fairly revelled in their enjoyment of the privilege of romping and rolling on the green sward.

The mayor with other prominent persons with their families viewed the procession from a stand erected for the purpose at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The procession was very grand and imposing. The various statues and monuments in the various parks throughout the city were elaborately decorated with flowers and evergreens. Divisions of the general procession proceeded to the various cemeteries and decorated the graves of all soldiers and sailors making no distinction. This beautiful custom of observing decoration day, has grown into a National holiday, and it is destined to become the most popular, and will exert the best influence upon the minds of the people, of all the holidays.

## THE GLORIOUS 4th.

There is quite a strong opposition growing up here against the noise, smell of burnt powder, and danger, that usually accompanies the celebration of the 4th of July. It is quite probable that the indiscriminate use of fire-crackers and other explosives will be prohibited by the city authorities this year.

## SEEKING FRESH AIR.

Last Sunday all the excursion boats leaving the city for a trip up the Hudson, or a glimpse of the ocean, were crowded; and Central Park was swarming with people seeking the fresh spring air.

## FLETCHER HARPER.

The last survivor of the four Harper Bros., died in this city yesterday. The publishing house of "Harper Bros." was founded in 1818. Harper's Magazine was established in 1850, Harper's Weekly in 1856, and the Bazar in 1867.

## CUSTOM HOUSE.

The custom house investigation is proceeding cautiously and conservatively, and seems more like an experiment than a reform.

Collector Arthur claims to be the slave of the good old system of bestowing political patronage, and says that the New York Custom House is but a huge hospital for defeated and broken-down politicians, and that these patients were brought to him by Senators and Members of Congress, and that he dared not refuse to care for them.

## BOSS TWEED'S

chances for breathing the free air again are not so promising now as they seemed about the time of the publication of the story of his flight from the city, his hairbreadth escape, etc., which appeared in print some weeks since. There has been bad management of his case, either on his own or his friends' part; and the chances of his prison doors swinging open when he opens his mouth are not so probable as they were.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Most of the theatres close this week for the season, and the summer gardens are already open and liberally patronized. E. E. B.

(From the Roundout Freeman.)  
Sowing and Reaping.

It is not our custom to cite illustrations of the benefit of advertising which in the very nature of the case must inure to the advantage of parties whose name we are compelled to mention, but the case of Dr. Kennedy, of this place, is so remarkable of the kind that for once we make an exception of him. After much careful experimenting the doctor became convinced that he had found—or rather educed from elements previously known, but never so compounded—a medicine capable in itself of doing an immense amount of good to his suffering fellow men. He was morally certain that the great and intelligent public would be altogether of his way of thinking touching the virtues of his discovery if he could only get it before them. Like a sensible man he began to invest a portion of his capital in newspaper advertisements. He had not long to wait for the visible and sensible effect of this course. Orders began to drop in one by one and then a steady bombardment of them opened upon this enterprising physician and surgeon. The Favorite Kennedy soon became as well known as Dickens' Pickwick Papers or Webster's Dictionary. When people felt themselves in suffering or distress from Liver and Kidney diseases, Constipation of the Bowels, or any of those complaints peculiar to females, so subtle in character and so difficult of treatment by the ordinary modes, they bought the Favorite Remedy, used it and were healed. Now, we don't know that we are under any special obligation to Dr. Kennedy, but in order to draw the moral to enforce which this article was written, we are obliged to give him the benefit of this implied advertisement. And that moral is this: When you have something to sell which is worth public attention do as Dr. Kennedy did with the Favorite Remedy—advertise it. A great patronage has rewarded him, and the same wisdom will secure the same result for you. 32-4

Stone, Robinson & Co. will sell Parasols, Kid Gloves and Fans as cheap for cash as can be bought in the State.

## MEXICO DIRECTORY.

CHAS. BEEBE,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.  
Office, in Morse & Irish's Insurance office, Main St., Mexico.

J. U. MANWARREN, M. D.

MEXICO, N. Y.  
Office Jefferson St., opposite Post office.  
Residence corner of Main and Railroad streets.  
Female and all chronic diseases made a specialty.  
SATURDAYS of each week special office days.  
All calls promptly attended. 25

C. W. RADWAY, M. D.,  
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office in Mexico Hotel, Entrance on Church Street. Office hours 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 P. M. All cases will receive prompt attention. 24-ly

REAL HAIR SWITCHES  
For sale at A. L. Mason's. Also Madam Foy's patent Cornet Skirt Supporter.  
Mexico, May 19, 1875.

H. H. DOBSON,

Dentist.  
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain all ways on hand. All work warranted and at the lowest living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.

J. D. HARTSON,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office over Stone, Robinson & Co's Store Main St.

Wm. H. HALL,  
Barber and Hair Dresser.

Particular attention paid to Shampooing, and the cutting of ladies and children's hair.  
Shop on Main street, Mexico.

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